



LONG-FELT WANTS.

"SUBJECT" CARDS, OR "WHAT I CAN TALK ABOUT." TO BE EXCHANGED BETWEEN NEWLY-INTRODUCED DINNER-PARTNERS. FOR EXAMPLE:—
MISS WINIFRED BROWN-SMYTHE—PAINTING, POETRY, ITALIAN LAKES. CAPTAIN A. B. DE C. JONES—POLO, SIMLA, HUMOROUS ARMY CHESTNUTS.

INVINCIBLE HANKY-PANKY.

[Medicated wool dabbers are suggested as substitutes for handkerchiefs, which, according to a medical expert, should never touch the eye, as handkerchiefs, however clean apparently, are stated to be infected with germs.]

WHEN times are hard and husbands harder,

And quite convinced that woman's mind,

To nursery, needlework, or larder,

Must be exclusively confined;

Another blow we have to face,

For now the very latest crank is,

To ban those scraps of lawn and lace

Our eloquent embroidered hankies.

Robbed of their pitiful appeal

The problem facing Miss and Mrs.,

Is how to bring our lords to heel

And change their coldness into

kisses.

Down well-worn ways of sobs and

sighs

May we without effect go plodding,

If forced to dab our welling eyes
With bits of medicated wadding.

For instance, when my Benedick
Is proof against caress or pouting,
My handkerchief will do the trick,—
Inscribe the cheque or fix the out-
ing.

It cures his churlish words and looks,
Referring to a lacking button,
His grumbles at the tradesmen's
books,
His discontent about the mutton.

It draws a dainty veil at will
O'er eyes that brim with lachryma-
tions,

As well as eyes that fail to fill

In spite of pumping operations.

Then leave our handkerchiefs, we
plead,

For though they carry germs about
them

They are to us a crying need,
And married life's no fun without
them.

A Club for Poets.

WE notice that a good deal of fuss is being made in the Press over a club for minor poets, as if that were something new. But such a club, as everybody should know, has been for many years a necessary article of furniture in every newspaper office in Fleet Street. We ourselves have one—not much to look at, somewhat dented and stained, yet a really lovable implement, which proves itself a good friend at least three times a week.

Family Reasons?

"Motor Bicycle; 6-h.p. Matchless; good reasons for selling; £18; or take mail-cart, cot or bassinette in exchange."—*Kentish Independent*.

"L. O'C. began as a private soldier, and now resides in London."—*Pearson's Weekly*. Yet to his friends he still remains the same simple unaffected man.

THE UNANSWERED QUESTION.

SCENE—A railway carriage, first smoking, on a suburban line. TIME—9.20 A.M. There are five passengers of the usual City and Suburban kind.

First Passenger (addressing the world in general from behind a halfpenny paper). What's all this fuss about?

Second Passenger. What fuss?

First P. Why, all these elections.

Second P. (in amazement). My dear chap! Where have you been?

First P. (hurt). Same place as you, worse luck.

Second P. (to the rest). Here's a chap who doesn't know we've got a new Prime Minister; he's never heard the name of ASQUITH; he thinks WINSTON CHURCHILL's the name of a chest protector; and he believes LLOYD-GEORGE is a golf pro. Good old BILL! Isn't he a daisy?

The Rest (appreciatively). Good old BILL! You're the limit.

First P. (indignantly). Oh, none of your rot. I know all that rubbish. What I want to know is—

Second P. (interrupting amiably). Give him air. Don't crowd him. Somebody ought to undo his collar. Now then, look out for it. He's opening his mouth. He's going to speak. Listen, everybody.

First P. (sternly). Funny dog. You'll hurt yourself if you don't watch it. (To the rest.) Can't one of you tell me? You're not all out of your minds, are you?

Third Passenger (compassionately). Right, BILL, I'm sane. I'll give you a chance. What is it?

First P. What do they want to have all these elections for? There's WINSTON CHURCHILL in Manchester and RUNCIMAN in Dewsbury. I thought they were Members of Parliament already.

Third P. (benignantly). So they were till yesterday.

First P. Well, why aren't they now? What's happened?

Third P. (in a superior way). They've accepted office under the Crown. It's an old Act of Parliament.

First P. (suspiciously). What's an old Act of Parliament?

Second P. (breaking in). That's right, BILL. Don't you spare him. Make him tell you.

Third P. (beginning to realise he is in a tight place). It's this way. If a chap takes office he's got to fight an election. It doesn't matter his being an M.P. In fact it makes it worse.

First P. (triumphantly). Oh, but that's rot.

Third P. (coldly). What do you mean?

First P. Mean what I say. (Refers to his paper.) They've made SEELY Under-Secretary for the Colonies, and a fellow called MASTERMAN has got a job too. They're both Members of Parliament, but there's not going to be any election in their places.

Third P. (incredulously). Where do you find that?
[The paper is handed over and the statement is verified.]

Third P. (defiantly). Well, all I can say is that they ought to have an election. (A light breaks in on him.) I've got it. Of course. Didn't I tell you it was an old Act of Parliament?

First P. (grudgingly; suspecting a trap). Yes, you did.

Third P. (with determination). Well, then, there it is. When that Act was passed these jobs that SEELY and MASTERMAN have got hadn't been invented. They're new jobs, and so they don't come under it.

Second P. HARRY's got it. Isn't he a red-hot wonder? Now then, BILL, your turn again.

First P. (unconvinced). It's all very well for him to

think he's found it out; but what I want to know is, why the other two chaps have got to be elected again. It's no good jawing about old Acts of Parliament. Any fool can do that. But none of you philosophers can tell me why an Act like that was passed, and why it should get hold of WINSTON and t'other chap and leave out SEELY and his pal. (Silence prevails.) Ah, I thought not. Well, you are a jolly wise lot. Public school and university education, and all that. Bah!

[The train arrives at the terminus and the passengers disperse.]

TO PRISCILLA, F.G.S.

[A poll is being taken as to the advisability of admitting ladies to Fellowship of the Geological Society.]

PRISCILLA, knowing, as you surely do,

That in my eyes it's altogether shocking

To hint that you wear open-work of blue—

Or hint at all about a lady's stocking—

Why have you put aside your recent craze

For hockey (which you played with courage stoic)

To spend, monotonously, all your days

In search of fossils that are cozoic?

It pains me to remark that you won't find them;

And, if you do—what good is there behind them?

You once were troubled if the smallest hint

Of horny-handedness should come upon you;

But now you hammer beastly chunks of flint,

Despite resultant blisters; and, anon, you

Will bid me put aside my studies classic

To tell you all I know of trilobites,

Or what's the proper way to spell "Jurassic,"

And how cretaceous fossils rest o' nights.

What would befall, my dear, if you mistook them,

And questioned me about the way to cook them?

Think you that life its dreariness will lose

If you become a LEIBNITZ or a HUTTON,

And yet ignore the proper way to choose

A juicy, tender joint of Cymric mutton?

If mesozoic mysteries distress you,

Dismiss them, dear PRISCILLA, from your mind;

And don't let metamorphic rocks impress you

With their stupendous value to mankind.

It may, of course, be very nice to know them;

But what's the use?—you'll never learn to throw them!

A PLATFORM NOTE.

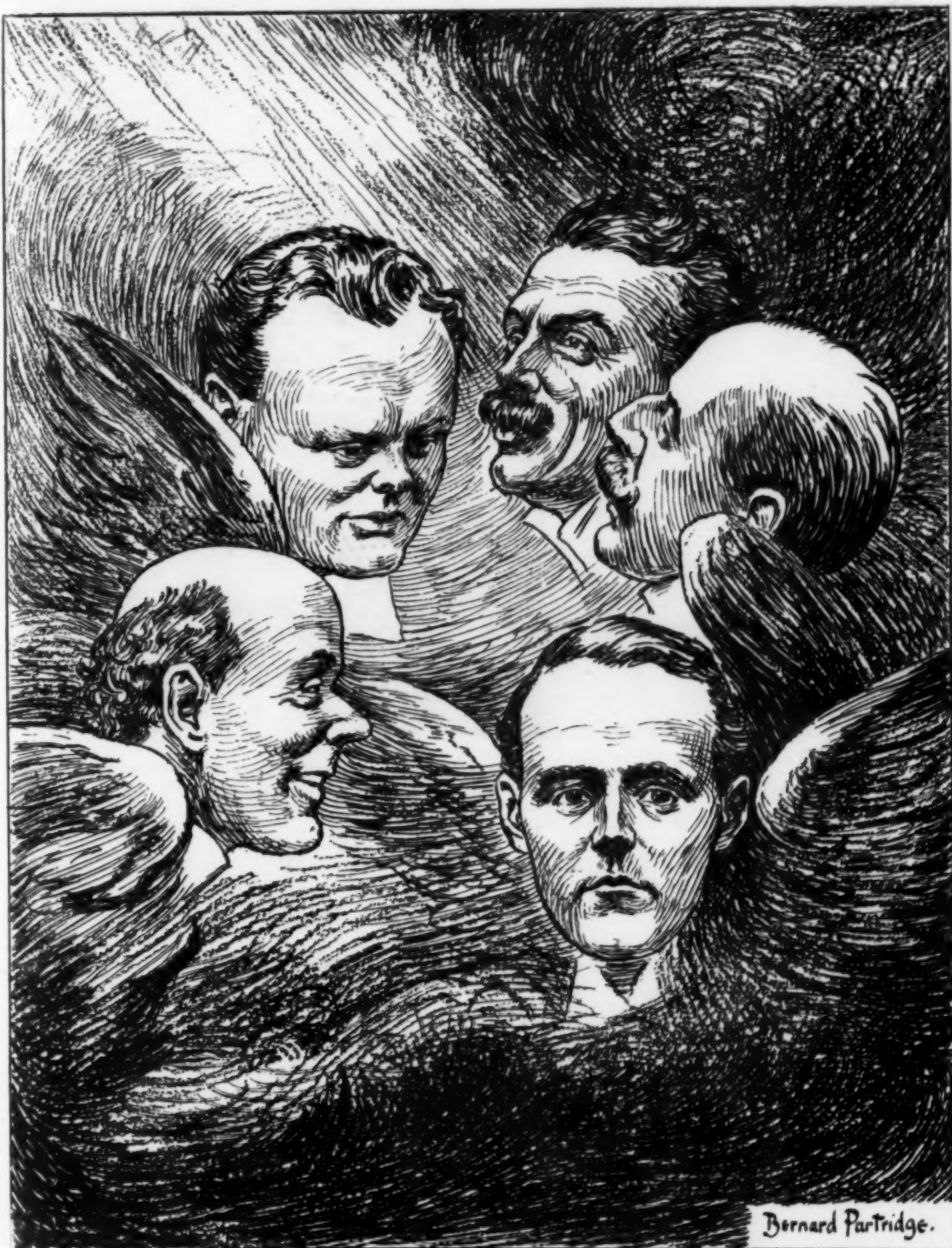
It is bad enough to be turned out of almost every train between High Street and South Kensington to wait for another to take one through to Charing Cross or the City; but it is worse when the only advertisements on each side of the track are obsolete. All refer to the lamented *Tribune*. "Gives the news while it is news," says one notice several times repeated. "If you see it in *The Tribune*," says another, "you can trust it"; while the third, plaintively, and obviously with its tongue in its cheek, asks, "Have you got your copy today?" Then the train at last comes in, with standing-room only.

Modesty.

"He was surprised that his learned friend, Mr. Marnan, got up so excitedly to protest.

Mr. Marnan: I don't think the adjective is necessary at all."

Westmeath Guardian.



Bernard Partridge.

McKenna *Winston Churchill* *Lloyd George*
of Harcourt
THE CABINET CHERUBS.
Asquith
(After REYNOLDS.)



March 2
March 3
March 4

March 5

March 6



"WHIT WAY HAE YE GI'EN OWER SMOKIN', DONAL'?"

"WEEL, IT'S NO SICH A PLEASURE AFTER A', FOR YE KEN A BUDDY'S AIN TEBACCY COSTS OWER MUCKLE; AND IF YE'RE SMOKIN' ANITHER BUDDY'S, YE HAE TO RAM YER PIPE SAE TIGHT IT 'LL NO DRAW."

ANOTHER RANK POET.

(FROM OUR VERY OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

A GOOD deal of fuss has lately been made over SETTIMIO DI VICO, the cabman-poet, who plies for hire in the Piazza di Spagna at Rome. It seems only fair, therefore, to tell you of a similar case that has come to my notice in the person of WILLIAM SCROGGS, a London cabman, whose rank is in the Tottenham Court Road. Although originally the driver of a hansom, he is now the chauffeur of an auto-taxi; and it was while riding in the latter that I made the discovery of which I am about to give you the particulars.

I was nestling back in the cushions, thinking how well they do these things nowadays, when I suddenly caught sight of a small volume, neatly bound in grey cloth, stuck in a lappet at my side. Drawing it out, I read the title-page, "Between

Fares—a Collection of Lyrics in the five-line Metre, by WILLIAM SCROGGS." On the frontispiece was a photograph of the said SCROGGS, which I had no difficulty in identifying with the gentleman at that moment occupying the box-seat. The book (gracefully dedicated "To my Mews") proved to be nothing more nor less than a collection of successful and unsuccessful Limericks, which the author had evidently been in the habit of sending in for the different competitions. He explained to me how his success in those competitions had enabled him to give up his hansom and take a three months' course of lessons in motor-driving, which had led to his present more lucrative position. He has himself summed up the situation in characteristic style:—

There was a young fellow called Scroggs,
Who steadily went to the dogs,
Till a Limerick prize
Of exceptional size
Put a new set of spokes to his cogs.

The racy metaphor of the last line is a good instance of the happy allusiveness that permeates all SCROGGS's work. A noteworthy feature of the volume is the Foreword by a well-known Limerick judge. SCROGGS sells his book personally over the mud-guard at the absurdly low price of one shilling; but, of course, he expects a *pourboire*.

It should be added, in conclusion, that W. S. (initials of good omen!) hopes shortly to publish another volume of verse, in which the tacksy metre will be largely employed as the vehicle of his poetic fancies.

"Young Man wanted, twelve or fifteen years old, knowing both languages and bookkeeping, one with experience in a lawyer's office preferred."—*Montreal Daily Star*.

It would be a tragedy if an accomplished linguist and book-keeper with a lifelong experience of a lawyer's office, were rejected merely because he was thirteen or fourteen years old.

SCOTLAND FOR EVER.

GREAT PUBLIC MEETING.

A MEETING of influential Scotsmen and others has just been held at the Argyll Rooms to come to some decision with regard to a testimonial to Mr. HARRY LAUDER for his services in bringing before the English public the more alluring side of Scottish life. Among those present were Mr. A. J. BALFOUR (in the Chair), Lord TWEEDMOUTH, Mr. ANDREW LANG, Lord ROSEBURY, Miss ANNIE SWAN, Dr. ROBERTSON NICOLL, Mr. CROCKETT, etc.

Mr. BALFOUR in opening the meeting said that although he had never had the pleasure of hearing Mr. LAUDER in person—(cries of dismay)—yet he took his place at the head of that meeting without misgiving. (Cheers.) He had heard him on the gramophone—(renewed cheers)—and he had read his life. (Applause.) He could confidently say that no one had done more to make the Scotch popular.

Lord TWEEDMOUTH, speaking in his capacity as a Knight of the Thistle (which, he said, he found very good eating) supported Mr. BALFOUR. He had received, he said, a telegram on the subject from an illustrious personage which it would be no impropriety to read aloud. (Panic.) It said, "Wish LAUDER all joy, and may his porridge-bowl never know low-tide." (Cheers.) This he, the speaker, need hardly say was signed WILLIAM HOHENZOLLERN.

Lord ROSEBURY said that he entirely concurred in the object of the meeting. It was a great thing that a Scotsman of genius had at last risen to tell the world what Scotsmen really were like: not dour, commercial-minded, censorious folk, but a rollicking, convivial, tickling, dancing people, full of jest and fun, with great loving hearts and nimble feet and voices of exquisite timbre. Too long had the world been thinking the contrary. Not since Sir WALTER SCOTT had any one man done so much as Mr. (he wished he might say Sir) HARRY LAUDER to turn southern eyes to the land of cakes and the leal. (Terrific applause.)

Messrs. COOK AND SON here rose *en masse*, and testified to the effect of Mr. LAUDER's songs on the tourist business. Thousands of Englishmen, they said, who used to go to Ostend and Paris and other gay continental resorts for their holidays now go to Scotland in the hope of meeting with Mr. LAUDER's heroines.

Dr. ROBERTSON NICOLL opposed the testimonial. Mr. LAUDER, he said, neither took in *The British Weekly* nor had he taken any active part in disapproving of the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL.

Miss ANNIE S. SWAN cordially supported Dr. ROBERTSON NICOLL. The songs of Mr. LAUDER, she contended, lacked the true domestic note, and were aggressively instinct with what she might call the *joie de vivre*.

Mr. ANDREW LANG said that the success of the great patriotic *Minnesinger* whom they were met to honour was a striking example of the vitality of apolaustic hedonism—(cries of Help!)—amid a Puritanical environment. He added that he hoped to develop in an appendix to the next volume of his History of Scotland an interesting parallel between the songs of Mr. LAUDER and those of RONSARD.

In conclusion he moved that funds should be raised to present Mr. LAUDER with a gold-mounted sporrán engraved with the motto "*Lauder a laudato*." The motion was supported by the Master of ELIBANK in a pathetic speech, and carried, Dr. ROBERTSON NICOLL and Miss ANNIE SWAN alone (as ever) dissenting.

THE GIRL, AN ODD RHYME OR TWO, LOVE, TOBACCO,
AND THE POET WHO WAS A BIT OF A BOUNDER.

[For the purposes of reviewing, indexing in albums, reciting, setting to music and quoting enthusiastically to one's friends, this article may be referred to briefly as "The Girl, &c."]

HER name was DELIA, just the sort of name
No girls would stand outside a silly poem;
Or, if they would, their parents are to blame,
I'm glad to say that I at least don't know 'em;
But, if they would or not, it's all the same
And makes no sort of difference to this poem.
Whatever else her name was in the flesh,
It wasn't DELIA. Let us start afresh.

Her name was DELIA. There I go again!
I've said it was, it wasn't and it was,
And yet it wasn't. Let us have this plain,
I want to have it very plain because
I think you ought to know her name was JANE,
As nice a name as anybody has.
(I don't much care what sort of rhymes I use,
But "was," "because," and "has"! . . . My dear
old Muse!)

Her name being JANE, and not, as you'd have thought,
Being DELIA, I kissed her pretty face,
Then asked her if she'd marry me, and brought
Some argument to bear upon the case.
She hum'd and ha'd, and said I didn't ought,
But, as I had, she'd like a little grace;
So might she have five minutes, say, to think?
I said she might. I'd go and get a drink.

Now beer is good, and beer is furthermore
Extremely good. I know a man, my dear
(Tis not because I love you, Reader, or
Because I hate you that I say "dear" here,
But knowing "beer" was coming soon), who swore
He loved his wife but better loved his beer.
But even so the time was hardly ripe
For beer just then. Instead I smoked a pipe.

A coarse, a black, a noisome-looking growth,
Having a smell cross-bred of glue and tar;
Its proper name (I would not take my oath
Upon the wherefore) "Tawny Yellow Star,"
Once called "The Dustman's Pride" (or "Joy," or
both),

When dustmen weren't the faddy men they are;
And costing roughly half-a-crown a sack (Oh,
Beshrew these rhymes!); such is my . . . yes, tobacco.

With that dank weed I filled my pipe withal,
My only pipe, a frayed but chubby fellow
That you'd have loved, short in the stem and small;
Without—a greyish-reddish sort of yellow;
But, oh, within!—what ladies always call
Most vilely foul, but we divinely mellow.
I sat and smoked, the strictest silence keeping.
What wonder that I ended up by sleeping?

* * * * *
Her name was DELIA. "DELIA? DELIA What?"
'Twas DELIA Nothing, dear but stupid friend,
For I have told you once, or have I not,
Her name was JANE? JANE SMITHSON. I intend
To fix upon this most convenient spot
To bring my poem to its tragic end.
But how to gild that bitter, bitter pill? . . .
Her name is JANE (not DELIA) SMITHSON still.



Old Lady (to Conductor—her first drive on an electric tram). "Would it be dangerous, CONDUCTOR, if I WAS TO PUT MY FOOT ON THE RAIL?"
Conductor (an Edison manqué). "No, MUM, NOT UNLESS YOU WAS TO PUT THE OTHER ONE ON THE OVERHEAD WIRE!"

POLITICS IN MUFTI.

[The Tariff Reform League is being accused of disguising its lecturers as tramps and labourers.]

SCENE—Tap-room of the "Brindled Cow."

Election Agent (disguised as labourer with a smock-frock, clay pipe, and purple cheeks) to farm-hand. Huv 'nuther pint, mate! (Continues argument.) What I sez is, we woan't get our rights till this yur Turiff Refarm cums in!

Farm-hand (suspiciously). Turiff Refarm! I doan't see as how Turiff Refarm 'll do us wurking men any good. We—

Agent. Look ye 'ere, me man; you uv an intelligent face, you listen to me. And if any of your friends over thayre 'll uv a pint w' me—(here large numbers of yokels, hitherto invisible, evolve spontaneously from darkened quarters of the room). Look yur. Last year, twelve millyons five 'undred and—

The crowd of yokels (murmur).

They was good sheep, they wur, and fower bobs' worth o' wool on each of them.

Farm-hand. Statistics! We've got statistics—heaps uv them! Wy, seven millyons three 'undred and fifty-four—

Agent (raising his voice and looking anxiously towards the crowd outside). No, they didn't! Look yur. What a wurking man wants is wurk. If we 'ad a Turiff Refarm—

Farm-hand. Ah, I never 'eerd good of Turiff Refarm. They do say as 'ow 'e 'ain't enny better 'n 'e ought to be. They do say 'e drinks and—

Murmur in the crowd. Leicester sheep's no use yurabouts; we want Romneys yur, w' a touch of the Lincoln.

Agent (getting desperate). Huv 'nuther drink, mate. What I sez is, a open-handed gentleman like Sir WILLIAM 's the Member fur us yur—takes a hintrest in the wurking man and knows what 'e wants. (Lowers his voice.) And uf it was a shilling

or two in a man's pocket to voat fur 'im at the 'lection—

Farm-hand (softening). Wull, mebbe Turiff Refarm 's not such a bad chap after all—eh, mates? (Turns to crowd.)

Mates. They 'll be wantin' turnip feed this weather, sheep.

Farm-hand. Mebbe you're right, mate, an' if I can do ennything—(strokes his face and accidentally brushes off two false side-whiskers).

Agent (startled). Here, you—Why, blamed if you're not TAYLOR, our lecturer! Why, you're on our side all the time. (Accidentally knocks off his own hat and discloses his identity.)

Farm-hand. JONES, our agent, by Jove! Dash it all, I was only playing up to you to get up a discussion among those wooden-headed idiots! [Exeunt hurriedly, exchanging winks.]

Agent (outside, indignantly). And I've fuddled myself with that poison, and spent five shillings trying to convert you! Bah!

CHICK-FOOD.

AUNT SLOPPY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR CHILDREN.

(With homage to the ingenious conductors of "The World and his Wife.")

THE NEW "ALICE IN WONDERLAND."

DEAR CHICKS,

This is the beginning of a scrumptious new serial, a sequel to *Alice in Wonderland* by the delightful Lewis Carroll. Lewis Carroll, chicks, was one of the kindest men living, and he would have adored both this magazine and *The Children's Encyclopædia*, especially Mr. Beornie's revised Bible. Nothing would have given him greater pleasure than to know that we were re-writing his famous work, which we can do what we like with now, as it is out of copyright.

Your loving

AUNT SLOPPY.

JUST as Little Alice had decided that she'd never—never—never get in a temper again, she suddenly found she was in one—and a very bad one, too! But, really, I don't wonder, for someone trod right on her very "littlest" toe; and if there's one thing more than another that puts most people into a bad temper, it is having their toes trodden on!

"You—you—CLUMSY thing!" she cried, giving a violent push to the person who'd stumbled.

"I—I—really beg your pardon," said a very humble voice, "but I'm in such a hurry to get to the match. Are you coming?"

"No, I'm not!" snapped Little Alice, though in her secret heart she meant to follow this very clumsy person, and see what the match was, and where it was to be held.

Looking up when she thought his head was turned away, she saw—whom do you think? The Mad Hatter. Just as Little Alice looked up he was busy changing the label on his hat. He'd had one on saying that the hat was ten shillings and sixpence; now he stuck one in the band saying "For Tennis."

"Now I'm ready," he said with a contented sigh. And Little Alice decided that he evidently thought people would call his tall hat a tennis-cap now that he'd changed the label.

(To be continued.)

TID-BITS.

Here, chicks, are some riddles for you, and some interesting facts.

AUNT SLOPPY.

Lightning comes before thunder. If you count after seeing the flash you can tell how far the storm is away. It is just so many miles as you can count before you hear the thunder.

* * *

When is a dog in a dairy like a clever traveller?

When he noses (knows his) whey (way).

* * *

Common grey marbles are made in Germany of pieces of stone left over in the marble quarries. Little boys break these pieces into small cubes, and afterwards these are rounded and finished by workmen. How did you think they were made, I wonder?

* * *

What great Roman Emperor's name would a man say to a policeman who was running after a female thief?

CÆSAR (seize her).

THE NEW "ROSE AND THE RING."

DEAR CHICKS,

The old "Rose and Ring," which everyone, alas! has now forgotten, was written by a writer named THACKERAY, who lived at Kensington (not very far from the present home of the Duke of ARGYLL, who by a strange coincidence is an author too). Some day, chicks, when you are grown up, you will read more of this great man's writings, of which no one can ever tire.

Your loving

AUNT SLOPPY.

The royal pair had one only child, the sweet Princess ANGELICA. It was said she had the longest hair, the largest eyes, the slimmest waist, the smallest foot and the most lovely complexion of any young lady in all Carmelitia. She could play the most difficult pieces at sight, and she knew *The Children's Encyclopædia* by heart.

Her nursery governess was Mrs. GRUFFANUFF, who would not let her go to *Peter Pan*, but kept her at her lessons all day. This was because Mrs. GRUFFANUFF did not believe in fairies and disliked to have them mentioned, while as for waving her handkerchief to save one of their trumpery lives, never!

But how about the Fairy Blackstick?

(To be continued.)

THE NEW "CHILD'S GARDEN OF VERSES."

DEAR CHICKS,

This month I give you another great treat—a modern version of a very delightful book by dear old ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, the great writer who loved you all so much (as who could help doing!) that he made a book of poems on purpose for you. But as his cruel publishers won't let me give it to you free, as your kind AUNT SLOPPY would love to, I have had to get a clever young man to write it a little differently, although just as well. See, chicks?

Your affectionate AUNT SLOPPY.

THE KIND COW.

The cow we meet along the lane
I love with all my soul,

She gives me milk with might and main
To fill my china bowl.

A THOUGHT.

The world is so full of jam tarts and Noah's Arks,
I'm sure we should all be as merry as larks.

SYSTEM.

The child who is not clean and smart,
With many things to please his heart,
Is either naughty, or his sire
Has failed great riches to acquire.

ANOTHER THOUGHT.

A child should be extremely good,
And speak so's to be understood,
And try at table still to sit—
As far as he can manage it.

LOOKING FORWARD.

When I'm grown a man to be
I shall behave most haughtily,
And tell my playmates not to dare
To meddle with my toys, so there!
(To be continued.)

AUNT SLOPPY HERSELF.

(A Character Sketch.)

DEAR CHICKS,

Knowing how much you want to know all about me I have at last acceded to your request, many times expressed, and have given leave for a description of me to appear in *Chick-Food*. I could not, of course, write it myself, for that would not be nice, and so it has been written by another. I hope, chicks, you will like it.

Your faithful AUNT SLOPPY.

Picture to yourselves a beautiful old lady with a kind pink face and the sweetest eyes beaming through her gold-rimmed glasses. Picture her seated in her high-backed chair in her charming drawing-room surrounded by happy children as she bends towards them and in her soft and soothing voice tells them one of the old, old stories. Do you think Aunt SLOPPY is really like that? Do you?

"Japan's mission is in the word of one of its greatest statesmen, 'To lead via.' This is an intelligible programme, there is no deception about it."—*The Week* (British Columbia).

Yet, perhaps, just for a second or two some really dull mind might not leap to it.

From an advertisement of a Norfolk hotel:—

"The view of the surrounding country is a realistic ideal of the mountainous scenery of Switzerland."

Explorers are flocking into Norfolk by every train.

LESSONS WE MIGHT LEARN FROM THE STAGE.



AS THE DÉBUTANTE MIGHT MAKE HER FIRST ENTRANCE INTO SOCIETY.



AS SHE DOES. (THE DÉBUTANTE IS MARKED WITH A +.)



QUALIFIED RAPTURE.

Lady Bountiful. "I HOPE YOU ARE COMING TO OUR 'PLEASANT EVENING' TO-NIGHT AT THE COFFEE-TAVERN, GILES?"
Gi'es. "WELL, I-S'POSE I SHALL HEV TO!"

ODE TO A "MINERAL."

(Inspired by the prospective dearth of alcoholic "refreshments.")

HAIL to thee, blithe fluid,
 "Drink" thou never wast,
 That with æther brewed,
 Upward still art tossed,
 Until thine airy heart in nothingness
 is lost.

Higher yet and higher
 Leap thy frothy gases;
 When I loose the wire
 Out they come in masses,
 Milder than ALLSOPP'S OWN, and
 more refined than BASS'S.

When the vault is shining
 Then thy praise is sung;
 I have seen men dining
 Roll thee round their tongue,
 Like a full-bodied port laid down
 when they were young.

Even millionaires,
 Dukes and such, a-loll

Soft on silken chairs,
 Thy renown extol,
 And drink thee when their doctors
 veto alcohol.

What dost thou resemble?
 Snowflakes on the breeze,
 Gossamers a-tremble,
 Gardens full of bees?
 I do not greatly care; take which you
 like of these.

Anyhow, thy joyance
 Leaves no after-pain;
 Subsequent annoyance
 Shadows not its train;
 One drinks and only feels a mild
 internal strain.

Others have preferred
 Beer in time of drought;
 I have never heard
 Cork of ale or stout
 Expelled with such a cry of rapture
 from the spout.

Ah, if men would scorn
 Wine and malt and hops,

If the globe were shorn
 Bare of baleful crops,
 Who knows what England might
 become on sparkling pops?

Better than all treasures
 That in Rheims are found,
 Better than pint measures
 Insolently "downed,"
 Is thy impetuous form, thou spurrier
 of the ground.

Clear our heads of troubles,
 Comfort us when dry;
 Fill us with thy bubbles,
 Also tell us why
 They sate so soon, but oh so seldom
 satisfy.

Alarming News about the Blenny.

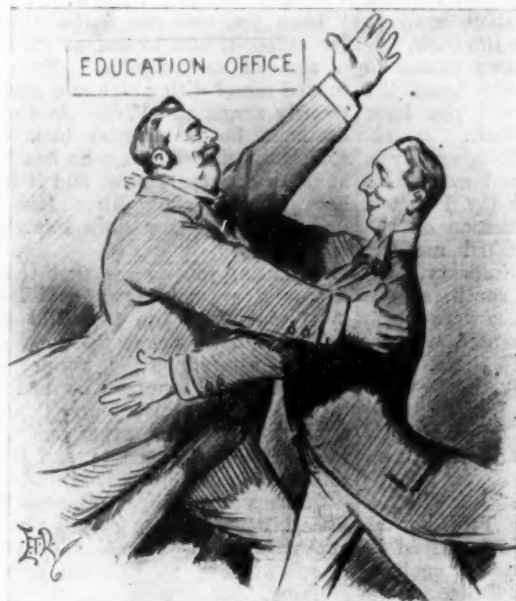
"When feeding the blenny (which had learned to come up to the surface of the water and take shreds of muscle from my friend's fingers) he noticed, etc."—*The Scotsman*.
 We shall send back our blenny at once, and ask for some quiet vegetarian in its place.



JOHN MORLEY.

"HONOUR AND LORDSHIP ARE HIS TITLES."

ONLY ASQUITH'S FUN.



AMAZING FULFILMENT OF THE WITCHES' PROPHECY!

"Fear not until McKinnon Wood
Do come to Runciman."—(*Macbeth*, MORE OR LESS.)

(By direct telepathy, or by some astounding freak of the Doctrine of Chances, the Prime Minister, braving superstition, has brought together in the Education Office these two gentlemen, for whose conjunction Our Artist has watched with frenzied eagerness for many months.)



"THE TWO MACS" (CHAMPION KNOCKABOUTS) AT THE ADMIRALTY.

Being a timely caution to Admiral Sir John Fisher and other eminent persons who may be interested in making the acquaintance of their new political chiefs.

(The Rt. Hon. Reginald McKenna, and Dr. Macnamara.)

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Tuesday, April 14.—With the succession of a new Premier there were noted certain indications of indefinite postponement of the struggle for predominance between Commons and Lords. To-day, on meeting of Parliament after interval occasioned by reconstruction of Ministry, there was forthcoming evidence of maintenance of deeply-rooted jealousy and distrust.

SPEAKER took Chair at 2.45 as usual. Unexpectedly large gathering on both sides. Questions on Paper deferred. Only business was moving of writs for new elections consequent on Ministerial changes, and the bestowal of royal assent on Army Annual Bill.

List of writs disposed of, when movement observed in neighbourhood of door leading to Lobby. Serjeant-at-Arms hurriedly left his chair. Loosing his sword in scabbard, he advanced to door by which hastily mustered body of messengers. In the twinkling of an eye the heavy open door was banged to, closed, and bolted.

Among startled Members watching the scene explanation circulated. The Lords had despatched Black Rod to summon Commons to other House to hear royal assent given to Army Bill. If, however, the proud Peers thought their emissary would be allowed to cross the threshold of the Commons at his will, they were mistaken. The door barred, a sliding panel cunningly let in was cautiously withdrawn by the Serjeant-at-Arms, who casually inquired, "Who's there?"

Back came the strident answer, "Black Rod!"

Oh, very well. If that was all, he might as well come in. Bolts were ostentatiously withdrawn, the door flung open, and Black Rod, carrying his wand of office resting on his shoulder, entered. A messenger going before pulled up at the Bar, and, bowing to the Mace, announced "Black Rod!" That functionary, halting thrice to make obeisance, advanced, delivered his message, and retired backwards, threatening at every step entanglement of his shapely legs. The SPEAKER and one or two Ministers present obeyed the summons, passing out through the upstanding lines of Members.

This, of course, is no new thing.

A ceremonial dating back to STUART times, it is solemnly performed whenever hapless Black Rod presents himself. What was significantly new was the action of the Chief Whip. As soon as the first indication of movement in the Lobby reached the Treasury Bench, or ever Black Rod came within sight of the barred door, GEORGE WHITELEY was on his feet moving "that the House do now adjourn." Had the motion been carried, there would have been an end of the business and the sitting. Black Rod would have been left forlorn on the wrong side of the doorway, and a bloated peerage that lately threw out a Scotch Small Holdings Bill would have, so to speak, bitten the dust.

An anxious pause followed the action of the Ministerial Whip. Would the motion be put from the Chair, and would conflict between the two Houses be precipitated on this side issue? Happily the public peace was saved by the presence of mind of the SPEAKER. Obviously he might not be party to revolutionary procedure. After a brief pause that to the strained attention seemed to stretch the full length of fifteen minutes, he remarked that arrange-

ments had been made for a Royal Commission in the other Chamber, and till its business was fulfilled motion for the adjournment should be postponed.

Thus was a Constitutional crisis averted. Black Rod was permitted to enter and deliver his message, and on the return of the SPEAKER from the other House WHITELEY again moved the adjournment, this time with success.

Business done.—Adjournment for Easter holidays. Commons meet again on Monday the 27th.

LONDON LETTERS.

II.

DEAR CHARLES,—Many thanks for your definition of a solstice. Is it really? Fancy! By answering one of my questions you become a unique correspondent. Nobody else answers questions in a letter. Sometimes, of course, one is asked, "What train are you coming down by on Saturday? Let me know at once." But the proper thing to do in such a case is to wait till Saturday afternoon, and then wire "Just missed the 2.22. Hope to catch the next." Questions in letters are mostly rhetorical; which is why I ask you, How, oh *how* could you have the nerve to head your paper "Castle Bumpbrook," and fill it with arguments against the Licensing Bill? It is hardly decent. You know, I doubt if you ought even to have heard of the Licensing Bill at Castle Bumpbrook.

What I expect from you is pleasant gossip about the miller's daughter. Is she engaged yet to the postman? Has the choir begun to practise the Christmas anthem? When does Mrs. BATES's husband come out? These are the things you should tell me. Tell me, too, of your simple recreations. Has whist reached Castle Bumpbrook yet? It is a jolly game for four. One person deals, and you turn up the last card, and then the— But I must send you a book about it.

I have been having a correspondence with my landlord as to what I should do in case of fire. Of course, if your little cottage got alight, you would simply hop out of the window on to the geranium bed; but it is different in London. Particularly when you are on the top floor. Well, he tells me that I can easily get out on to Mr. PODB'S roof next door . . . and so home. This is certainly comforting, but—PODBY! I don't like it, CHARLES.

Supposing anything happened, just think how it would look in the papers. "The unfortunate gentleman was last seen upon Mr. PODB'S roof . . ." No, I shall have to go for the drain-pipe at the back.

Look here, I have two stories to tell you. One is quite true, the other isn't. Which will you have first? All right, the truth.

When I first came to town I was very—I mean I believed everything I was told. One Sunday I met a small but elderly gentleman on the Embankment, who asked me the way to the German Embassy. He had the river on his south, so obviously all the Embassies were in the other direction. I pointed vaguely towards the north. He thanked me and said that— (By the way, do you prefer *oratio recta*? I forgot to ask you.) Well then, he said:

"The Embassies would be shut on a Sunday, *hein*?"

I said: "Doubtless."

He said: "I am a Professor at Heidelberg. I have just arrived in London, and I have no money. To-morrow I go to my Embassy and get some. Meanwhile, could you lend me five shillings?"

CHARLES, in those days I was very— Well, I gave him half-a-crown.

He said: "I should like to pay this back to you."

I said: "Quite so. That is the idea."

"Then would you give me your card, so that I can send you the money to-morrow?"

CHARLES, I— You see, I had just had some cards printed. They had "Mr." on for the first time. I was very— Well, I gave him one.

That ends the first scene. An interval of nearly five years elapses, and we come to last Saturday. I was walking through the Green Park, when a small but elderly gentleman came up to me.

He said: "Is this the way to the School of Music?"

I said: "Which one do you want? There is the Guildhall School, and the Royal College, and the Royal Academy, and—"

He thought for a moment, and then he said in German the German for "Do you speak German?" (My dear CHARLES, I can't spell it.) I said "Nein."

He considered a little, and said, "*Parlez-vous français*?" I said— (What's the French for "Not very well?" Well, that's what I said.)

At this his face brightened. He drew a long breath, and began:

"I am a Professor of Music at Heidelberg—"

CHARLES, I had to interrupt him. I simply couldn't help it. I said, "Then you owe me half-a-crown." He stopped, and looked at me with a sort of sad dignity. Then he turned round with a sigh and plodded wearily across the Park. And oh, I do hope he had better luck with somebody else, because he has been at it for five years now, and it must be a heart-breaking life. His hair had gone quite grey since I saw him last.

CHARLES, you do see that that is a true story, don't you? If I had been making it up, I should have said that he gave me back my own card as a reference. I wonder why he didn't. I suppose it had got rather dirty after five years.

Do you want the other one now? It is the merest anecdote, and HILDA told it me, and I know it's not true.

She has a cat called "Didums poor little kitty wee, then"; you put the accent on the "then," and spread it out as long as you can. Well, Didums, etc., goes about eating moths; a curious diet for a cat, but I believe it keeps them thin. He swallowed them whole, you know, and HILDA told him how cruel it was. She seems to have spoken of the sufferings of the imprisoned ones in the most moving terms. Anyhow she found Didums next day up in her bedroom remorsefully eating a seal-skin coat.

I am surprised at HILDA. If she is not careful her baby will grow up a journalist. I have seen him since he came back from you. This time I approached from the west, and I noticed a great difference. He is certainly a fine child, and as he let me put him to sleep I love him. After all, looks don't matter tuppence to a man. The great thing is wisdom. Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers. I remember a General Knowledge Paper in my Mays. One of the questions was, "Give a list of the chief coaling-stations you would pass on your way to New Zealand." The only two I could think of were Cyprus and Rickett Smith. I never heard whether I got full marks; probably not. But since that day knowledge has come, for I have a friend in the Admiralty. He was a very high Wrangler the year I wasn't, and just as FISHER is the man behind the First Lord, so he is the man behind FISHER; at least, he tells me so. And he buys his tobacco by the knot—or is it the quid?—and plays the Hague Convention at Bridge, and (as I say) knows



TRIALS OF THE GENTLEMAN-RIDER.

Unfeeling Friend (to very sensitive amateur rider, who has been badly unseated more than once). "YOU'LL LOOK A1 IN THE MUSIC HALL, OLD CHAP! THERE'S A CINEMATOGRAPH MAN AT EVERY FENCE!"

all the coaling-stations from Cambridge to New Zealand.

Wisdom Lingers. What a splendid title for a novel! You would expect a fine moral tale, and it would turn out to be the story of the *Lingers* family. *Wisdom K. Lingers.* There you have the essence of successful book-naming. I hand the idea to you, CHARLES, in the certainty that you would steal it anyhow.

Do you know anything about gas? I buy a lot every week for my geyser. You get about 1,000 for half-a-crown. A thousand what? I don't know; but I like to take part in these great business transactions, and I am now writing to ask if they could make it 1,200, seeing that I am a regular customer. No harm in asking.

Ever affectionately yours,
A. A. M.

"The British Minister and his wife are exceedingly popular in Copenhagen, and are 'personi grati' at Court."—*The Observer.*

They have a special man for that sort of thing. *Omnibì, quorì, tertii quidi*—it's all the same to him.

A PARABLE FOR PROTECTIONISTS.

THERE was once a Man who lived at Torquay in excellent health. But one day a Quack came to him and said:

"My poor friend, you are in a terrible state. You're dying, that's what's the matter with you."

"Am I?" said the Man anxiously.
"Yes," said the Quack. "Only one thing can save you. You must go and live at Margate. Bracing up, that's what you want."

"But," said the Man, "I tried that a long time ago, and it didn't suit me at all, and I've been here now for years and years, and—"

"Go to Margate," said the Quack, "or you'll be dead in a week."

This made the Man so nervous that he decided to journey to London and see a Specialist.

The Specialist lived in Queen Anne Street, and he smiled as the Man put his case before him.

"You're all right," he said.
"You stay where you are. Why, the east winds at Margate would kill you in a week."

"Are you sure?" asked the Man.

"Quite."

"And if I stay at Torquay I shall be perfectly well?"

"Perfectly," said the Specialist.

"You pledge your reputation on that?" asked the Man, for he wanted to be certain.

"I do," said the Specialist.

"Then I shall go back to Torquay," said the Man; and he caught the 6.30 from Paddington.

But on the very next day, as he was taking the air on the Marine Parade, he fell and broke his leg.

"There now!" cried the Quack.

Of course the Specialist had to leave Queen Anne Street. People had quite lost confidence in him.

The New Reviewing.

"C. R.," writing in *The Chronicle* on a book by Mr. C. LEWIS HIND, remarks that "'Hindish! Delightfully Hindish!' was the criticism of a woman who collared the book." At this rate, though *Sherlock Holmes* may be Doylish, and *Robert Elamere Wardish*, *Rob Roy* becomes merely (as we always suspected) Scottish.

THINKING ALOUD.

BY JAMES WATTS-DOUGLAS.

(Author of "The Quintessence of Eulogy," "Pinoltrous Ponderings," etc.)

I REMEMBER as if it were yesterday a certain morning in 1884. I was then living in the wilds of Dunton Green, and I had ordered from London a new umbrella modelled on the picturesque and magnificent implement wielded by the immortal author of *Aylwin*. When the postman put the parcel into my hand, I trembled with the foretaste of joy. I can see myself very plainly, a vague-faced boy with a mist of down on lip and cheek—both as yet innocent of the safety razor—with hesitant eyes, and a lambent, limpid laugh. . . . There I stood, greedily alone, nursing my selfish bliss. That moment became a landmark of my youth, and to this day I associate the name of Dunton with a brown-paper parcel and a downy stripling stricken with jealous delight. There are other famous personages connected with umbrellas in history and romance—GEORGE BORROW and Mrs. GAMP and MR. GLADSTONE, to mention only three—but the *parapluie* of my friend ALGERNON DUNTON, like that of the King of DAHOMEY, standeth alone "as the nightingale sings." Withdrawn beneath its spacious canopy, he dwells aloof in the tents of his soul, austere detached from all literary cliques and coteries, and communing with all the mighty masters of the immemorial past. . . . But in those days I did not even dream, callow child that I was, that I should ever see the owner of this priceless and *impayable* pagoda. *Heu vatum ignare vates!* You know BROWNING's lines:—

"And did you once see ALGY clear,
And did he stop and stamp,
And did you on all fours draw near,
And serenade his gamp?"

Let me tell you how I first saw ALGERNON. I was free-wheeling over Putney Bridge one rapturous spring morning when suddenly I was aware of a limber, lithe, lyrical figure gradually outstripping me from behind. He was not like anyone I had ever seen, but I recognised him at once. He was striding along at a terrific pace, his step had the abandon of a Samothracian gazelle, and ever and anon he waved as it had been the *mystica vannus lacchi*, his great green Gargantuan gamp. His

clothes were negligible, and his magnificent head was obscured by an unbecoming puggaree; but the man was palpitating with vibrant vitality, he was vibrating with vital palpitations, he was vitalised with palpitant vibrations. The sight set my flesh aflame and my nerves afire. I wept tears of rapture. I was torn out of the world by the tempestuous rhythm of his enormous *en-tout-cas*. The life around me became remote, and I looked upon my fellow-men as I looked upon the cattle in the fields. They were outside my Paradise. As the man went by our eyes met, and I felt in my bones that he was either ALGERNON ASHTON or ALGERNON DUNTON.

The next time I saw him it was at "The Artichokes," the famous semi-detached villa on Primrose Hill in which he has lived with his illustrious friend THEOPHILUS BOTTS for the last fifty years. I was taking down a monologue of Mr. BOTTS's when the poet burst into the library. He was fresh from his morning walk. It had been raining heavily, and as the sun, with pardonable intrusion, shone on him, the raindrops on his pontifical beard shone like diamonds, and I saw that he was drenched to his superb and spacious skin. It was indeed an intolerably exhilarating experience, and again I wept tears of rapture. Religious mystics record their exaltations, and I really do not see why mystic poetists—to use the adorable word coined by *The Daily Chronicle*—should not record theirs. Looking at his magnificent head—
[Come off!—Ed. *Punch*.]

THE NEW AUTOCRAT.

ERE hockey had shown her what sport meant,
Ere yet she grew giddy and pert,
She doted on dolls and deportment,
And only came down for dessert:
Her sisters would apprehend no sting
From one so exceedingly green,
Nor jibbed at the casual toasting
Of bashful fifteen.

Her tastes were not always considered;
She seldom got more than her share;
And parents, whenever the kid erred,
Brought suitable pressure to bear!
But gone is the rule of the hoar head;
Old age is dismissed with a grunt;
And youth's irrepressible forehead
Has come to the front!

O wormwood and gall to our women!
O torture far worse than the rack,
To find that the smartest of trim men
Are off on a different tack:

For both at the helm and the prow,
too,

There lolls an unspeakable chit,
And Thirty now learns she must bow
to

Fourteen and a bit!

Her locks are confined by a ribbon;
Her language is open and free;
She talks like a parrot, she's glib on
The problems that petrify me;
Her phrases are novel; to-day, what
I marvel at most are the queer
Little statements she clinches with
"Eh, what!"

Tacked on to "Old dear!"

Though chaperons tell her where
minxes

Are certain to go when they die,
A sequence of eloquent winks is
Her sole and sufficient reply;
Though dowagers, itching to slap her,
Would send her in tears to her bed,
The simply ineffable Flapper
Goes smiling instead!

And yet, when reflective December
Repines at the pertness of May,
Sweet solace it is to remember
She too has her time of decay:
She too, when she starts to put flesh
on,
Will take a subordinate post,
While babies, devoid of discretion,
Are ruling the roast!

CHARIVARIA.

MR. McKENNA's suitability for the office of First Lord of the Admiralty has been questioned. It evidently is not generally known that he rowed in the Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race in 1887.

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL in his election address draws attention to the fact that it is peculiarly appropriate that he should represent the Exchange Division of Manchester. One was forgetting that not so long ago he exchanged one political party for another.

The latest portrait of the KAISER, as a Doctor of Laws of Oxford University, by a German artist, must be worth seeing. His Imperial Majesty, a Berlin telegram informs us, "is shown standing in an imposing attitude, wearing his university robe over knee-breeches, and in his right hand he is holding the academical cap. As he also wears a scarlet scarf, in addition to the insignia of the Orders of the Garter and Bath, the

colour effect is, as may well be imagined, very striking." The Queen of SHEBA, we should say, would cut a poor figure by the side of this typical 'Varsity man.

Mr. JOHN MURRAY has published the *Life of DELANE* of *The Times*. We understand that he would also like the life of the present Editor of that journal.

Speaking at the annual dinner of the Parliamentary Press Gallery, Mr. SPENCER LEIGH HUGHES "created much amusement" by describing the Chairman of the Kitchen Committee as "The Minister for the Interior." We must confess we always like this joke ourselves.

A certain literary gentleman of diminutive stature was introduced to a lady as one who wrote in the style of the author of "Plain Tales from the Hills." "Oh," said the lady, "then you must be the Pocket KIPLING I see advertised!"

Reading in an account of the entertainment at Hengler's that "some really funny clowns have been engaged for the Ring," an ill-informed correspondent writes to ask whether this is a belated attempt to brighten up WAGNER.

Mr. FROHMAN proposes to bring over American companies to play in London with a total disregard of money-making. "There will be no trouble about finding theatres for them," he remarked to a representative of *The New York Herald*, "and hang the expense! It will be my treat." Does this mean that it will be no treat for the British public?

The Cremation Society of England, with a view to attracting customers, has lowered its fees, and an appeal is made to persons of small means to give it a trial.

"You must only keep your parents if you have a surplus," said Judge BACON last week. The pronouncement, we hear, has caused considerable uneasiness among parents, who now fear confiscation.

A report just issued shows that forty fewer passengers were killed in railway disasters last year than in 1906. It would be interesting to know their names.

A lady from the country who travelled by the Central London Railway for the first time last week



Boots (who has overslept). "WILL YE PLEASE TO GET UP, SOBB. IT'S AN HOUR LATER THAN IT WAS THIS TOIME YESTERDAY MORNIN', SOBB."

saw, upon alighting, the words "This way out," upon the floor of the platform. Unable to find a handle by which to raise the flap of what she presumed to be a flight of stairs, she looked helplessly around her, when her eye was caught by another notice:—"No Exit." At that, uttering the word "Trapped!" she swooned.

As a result of the strike at a Restaurant a rival institution, known briefly as "Ken's Kabin," was opened, and those who are on the look-out for new humourists are asking who is responsible for the witty title.

Burglars broke into the Fever Hospital, Fulham, last week, and stole £160. It is now proposed, with a view to preventing the recurrence of such an incident, to train a number of sturdy microbes to fulfil the functions of watch-dogs.

Dr. J. W. H. EYRE, by the way, has been delivering a lecture on "Beneficent Bacteria," and the fact

that there are good microbes as well as bad microbes makes one wonder whether it might not be possible for the former sort to wear a badge to distinguish them. Hitherto, we must confess, we have been scowling at all alike.

Chased by the Mid-Kent Stag Hunt last week a deer ran into an inn at Charing Heath. About a month ago the same deer finished up a run by entering a public-house in a neighbouring village. It is thought that the ignorant animal mis-read a certain notice as "Deer, glorious deer."

A man has been sentenced to three months' hard labour for selling watered milk. The Bench refused to believe that some of the April showers had been so sharp that the rain had forced its way into the cow.

"The French Academy of Moral and Political Sciences has unanimously elected Mr. A. J. Balfour, M.P., correspondent for the Moral Section."—*Irish Times*.

A little unkind to so agile a politician,

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I HAVE been counting up Mr. MARION CRAWFORD's novels and find they reach the respectable figure of 35. Pretty well; but better still is the fact that there is nowhere any sign of haste or indication of failing power. His latest—*The Prima Donna* (MACMILLAN)—reaches the level established a quarter of a century ago. It opens effectively with a scene in a New York opera-house. An explosion shakes the building to its foundation. The lights go out; panic ensues; there is danger of great loss of life, when the *Prima Donna* begins her song again, holds the audience spellbound, and averts catastrophe. Mr. CRAWFORD speedily changes the scene to England, where the mystery of the murder of a young girl in the opera-house on the night of the explosion is unravelled. A minor plot shrouding the

away, did you? The authors are EDEN PHILLPOTTS and ARNOLD BENNETT, so that in addition to the adventures you have both humour and style. Why should not other authors take a holiday together and collaborate in a book of this kind? Messrs. HENRY JAMES and BART KENNEDY, for instance, might give us a splendid story, full of sentences about the right length. I must not expect to see this suggestion adopted immediately, but the interval of waiting will not be long if the PHILLPOTTS-BENNETT combination continues to give such pleasant entertainment.

MISS MARJORIE BOWEN's graphic account of all that came of the *Mariage de Convenience* between ANDREAS, Prince of Hungary, and GIOVANNA, Queen of Naples, appropriately resembles, in richness and variety of colouring, a Neapolitan ice! Thus, in the first paragraph of *The Sword Decides!* (ALSTON RIVERS) the sky is turquoise, the evening-glow purple, the stars golden,



WHEN THE COMMISSION FOR THE SHAKSPEARE STATUE IS GIVEN OUT.

ENTERPRISING ARTISTS' MODELS WAITING TO INTERVIEW THE SUCCESSFUL SCULPTOR.

acquaintance of *Van Torp*, the American millionaire, and the daughter of an English Peer, is cleverly maintained and satisfactorily worked out. Mr. CRAWFORD is a shrewd observer of men and women, especially women. His description of one sitting down for the first time in a perfectly new gown is a masterpiece of close observation and original thought. It is a safe assertion that no one before thought of the serpent in this connection. When it is suggested, there seems a good deal in it.

That *The Statue* (CASSELL) is really an exciting story you will agree when you hear that it includes one murder, one secret trial—I mean marriage, between the son of the man who was killed and the daughter of the man who killed him, two detectives, one proper trial with reporters, one escape from Dartmoor, one Cabinet meeting, and one threatened war between Germany and France. It also contains the secret of the statue itself, which was nothing more nor less than—see Chapter XXV. You didn't really think I was going to give it

the olives silver and grey, and the foam of cherry-trees white. Miss BOWEN has a wonderful eye for colour, particularly that affected by the beardless undergraduate, when he sets to work to paint the town—or the Empire—on boat-race night. Inside as well as outside her book is red with the red of blood. Her portraits, landscapes, interiors, battle-pieces, and murder scenes nearly all reek of it; and yet they all prove her to be a born painter. She takes the dry bones of Neapolitan history, A.D. 1343, and really makes them live, clothed on with flesh and blood (especially blood), and decked in all the colours of the rainbow. Personally I could do with rather less of the predominant colour. When I sit down to sup on horrors I don't like them quite so underdone. Still I think this is Miss BOWEN's best book up to date.

"As he approached the steamers it was observed that he looked pale and anxious, but a closer view showed that he was neither one nor the other."—*Timaru Herald*.

New Zealand has its sporting journalists too.